

SONG OF THE DRINK.

MRS. TERWILLIGER.

WITH garments faded and worn,  
With eyes that with weeping were  
red,

A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
Till the heart is ready to sink:  
And still in a sad, despairing tone,  
She sang the song of the drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
While the sun is rising high,  
And drink! drink! drink!  
Till the stars are in the sky.  
It is oh! to be carried in strife  
Away by some barbarous band,  
Rather than live, a drunkard's wife,  
In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
Till the brain is all on fire:  
Drink! drink! drink!  
Till he wallows in the mire.  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Till down in the gutter he falls asleep,  
And I wait—but he does not come.

"Oh, men enriched by the drink,  
Whose collars are filling up,  
Not drink alone you are dealing out,  
But a skeleton in the cup.  
You sell! sell! sell!  
Though its victims downward sink;  
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,  
Grim Death, as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death!  
To me it would be a relief;  
And better far for my little ones  
Were their time on earth but brief.  
They suffer with pinching cold;  
They supperless go to bed.  
Ah, me! so much for the father's drink,  
And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
The thirst is still the same.  
And what does it cost! An aching head,  
A weakened and trembling frame,  
A comfortless home, where covering forms  
Shrink from his presence with fear;  
A body debased, a polluted soul,  
And no hope the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
Each day and all day long:  
To drink! drink! drink!  
A captive fast and strong.  
Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-  
dimmed.  
And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!  
With none to pity or save,  
Down! down! down!  
Into a drunkard's grave,  
While the busy, thoughtless world  
Goes whirling flaunting by,  
With never a thought of the soul that's lost  
Or the widow's and orphan's cry,

"Oh, but to grasp once more  
The hand of friendship sweet,  
To feel again that human hearts  
With sympathy can beat!  
Oh, but once more to know  
The happiness I knew,  
When the light of love was in his eyes,  
And his heart was brave and true.

"Oh, but only for once  
That welcome voice to hear,  
That used with kindly words to greet  
His wife and children dear!  
Smiles and caresses then were ours,  
But curses now and blows.  
Oh, the bitter life of a drunkard's wife  
None but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,  
And eyes that with weeping were red,  
A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
While the heart is ready to sink;  
And still, with a sad, despairing moan,  
(Oh, that its desolate, heart-rending tone,  
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)  
She sang the song of the drink.  
—Morning and Day of Reform.

"A CAPACITY to do good, not only  
gives a title to it, but also makes the  
doing of it a duty."

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN  
THE ARMY.

SHRIMP was the name by which  
little Walter Cameron was  
generally known. He was  
only fourteen years old, and  
being small, he did not look even as  
much as that. But what could he  
do? A mere child, what was the  
use of sending him to do battle with  
the Arabs of the desert, or the still  
more fatal heat of the sandy Egyptian  
plains? Well, perhaps, I should  
hardly have called him a soldier, for  
his work was not to fight, but to blow  
the bugle; still he was a member of  
our brave army, and I doubt if in all  
the ranks there was one more faithful,  
more obedient, than little Walter  
Cameron.

His father had died when he was  
quite young, leaving him "the only  
child of his mother, and she was a  
widow." He had always wished to be  
a soldier, and so she had let him have  
his way. He enlisted in 1881, and  
being gifted with a strong musical  
taste, he soon learned to blow the  
bugle very correctly, so that when his  
company was ordered to Cyprus he  
was too useful to be left behind.

You might think it was not much  
to do; but you know there are various  
bugle-calls, and with only a few notes  
difference between them, so that un-  
less the bugler is very particular, there  
might easily be mistakes and confu-  
sion. And that was just what Walter  
was; his calls were so clear, that the  
soldiers were always quite sure what  
they meant, and what they ought to  
do.

So his mother, though she grieved to  
part with him, felt proud that her little  
son was so worthy to be trusted. And,  
ah, her best confidence was that  
Walter was a soldier of the Cross as  
well as of Queen Victoria. He had  
early given his heart to Jesus, and  
his earnest wish and prayer was that  
he might continue His faithful soldier  
and servant to his life's end.

The little bugle-blower went out to  
Cyprus, and from thence in the year  
following to the war in Egypt. He  
did his duty at Kassassin; he was there  
to meet the troops after the attack on  
Tel-el-Keber. Now he saw something  
of the real horrors of war, and the  
sight of the dead and dying haunted  
the boy's tender spirit night and day.  
At last came the homeward voyage,  
the English welcome, and the mother's  
arms about his neck.

Next came the review of the troops  
before the Queen. As the youngest  
who had served in the Egyptian army,  
Walter understood he was to have the  
honour of receiving a medal from the  
hands of Her Majesty.

But two days before the time he was  
seized with fever, the result of fatigue  
and exposure, and was carried to the  
Woolwich Hospital. It was very  
touching to hear the wanderings of  
his mind, as he asked repeatedly after  
the much-desired medal.

"Am I too little to get a medal?"  
he would say. "The men used to call  
me 'Shrimp.' I know I am only a  
little chap. Did the Queen say I was  
too little? But, indeed, I tried to do  
my duty, and the biggest fellow could  
do no more. I tried never to say I  
was tired on that march."

For seven weeks he lay ill, his  
mother watching beside him, till, as  
the year waned away, it became too

evident that his young life was waning  
too.

"Mother," he said to her one night,  
when his consciousness had returned;  
"mother, I have something to say to  
you. Mother, I am dying."

"Are you afraid, my darling?" she  
asked.

"Oh, no! no! not afraid. Mother,  
Jesus knows about you, but I am  
going to tell Him a lot more."

Then he seemed to think himself  
back at St. Mary's Church, at York,  
where he had once been a chorister,  
and above the howling of the wintry  
wind rose the clear though feeble voice  
of the dying child, repeating the fa-  
miliar responses. Sometimes he would  
gaze upward, as if listening to some-  
thing unheard by others, and would  
sing:

"Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand."

The long ward was filled with suf-  
ferers, but he heeded them not. His  
eyes, fast closing on earthly things,  
were already drinking in some faint  
glimpses of the glory to be revealed.  
The Saviour, whom he had loved, was  
with him as he again sang:

"O Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou forever near me,  
My Master and my Friend!  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end,  
And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend!"

It was his last hymn. As the last  
moments of the year rolled away, the  
spirit of the little bugler-boy entered  
into that better country where there  
is no more war—no bloodshed—but  
where "Jesus is in the midst," "and  
where His servants shall serve Him,  
and His name shall be in their fore-  
heads."

And when, soon after, the Prince of  
Wales visited the patients in the hos-  
pital, the mother of Walter Cameron  
said, "His comrades have seen the  
Prince, but my boy has seen the King  
in His beauty."

A GLASS OF BEER.

"MAMMA," said Bessie Ash-  
ton, "didn't you say that  
a glass of beer made a  
person feel good, and that  
it was healthy and harmless?"

"Why, ye-, Bessie, I think I did,"  
answered Mrs. Ashton slowly, some-  
what puzzled at Bessie's question.

"Mrs Thompson don't think so,  
mamma. The poor woman just cries  
nearly all the time."

"Cries?" interrogated Mrs. Ashton,  
in surprise, for she believed her neigh-  
bour to be one of the happiest of wo-  
men.

"Yes, mamma, cries all the time,"  
repeated Bessie, with emphasis. "Mr  
Thompson's cheeks look puffed away  
out and his face is always so red. She  
says he is cross and scolds continually.  
But he didn't use to be that way. He  
only drank one glass of beer then; now  
he can drink six or eight, and he gets  
mad at everything. It don't seem to  
make him feel good or look healthy."

Mrs. Ashton's countenance assumed  
a serious change. She felt keenly the  
force of the rebuke, but answered:

"Mr. Thompson should not give  
way to his appetite for drink. I'm  
sure one glass can do no harm."

"That's just what he thought,"  
spoke up Bessie, "But Mrs. Thomp-

son says it had him down on his back  
before he was aware of it."

"Well, I don't know," answered her  
mother abstractedly. "I drink a glass  
occasionally; it don't seem to affect  
me."

"It don't puff your cheeks out, mam-  
ma, but it makes your face awfully  
red sometimes, and you can drink  
more than you used to."

Mrs. Ashton stopped to think. She  
could drink more than she used to.  
Bessie had told the truth.

When supper time came, instead of  
beer, a glass of fresh sweet milk stood  
near her own and her husband's plates.  
Mr. Ashton opened wide his eyes  
when he sat down to eat, and as his  
wife finished relating the conversation  
between herself and Bessie, he caught  
the child in his arms and kissed her  
affectionately, remarking, "Not an-  
other drop of beer shall ever enter my  
home!"

And he kept his word.—Selected.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," the Tempter said,  
As a dark and cunning snare he  
spread

For the young and unwary feet.

"Little by little, and day by day,  
I will tempt the careless soul away,  
Until the ruin is complete."

Little by little, sure and slow,  
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,  
As the present passes away.

Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,  
Up to the region of endless light,  
Or gliding downward into the night,

"Little by little, day by day."

—Temperance Record.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE  
JAPANESE.

IN Japan every one has to carry a  
lantern. By day and night, it  
is seen dangling to his belt, not  
in the form in which we see the  
lantern in England, but resembling a  
thin, flat box. Each end of this box  
is fastened to a sort of paper, which,  
lying in folds, forms, when drawn out,  
a lantern. Further, the Japanese  
carries a tiny wooden box, shaped like  
a cylinder, to hold his candle. He  
also carries a small medicine-chest, a  
curious contrivance which draws out  
half a dozen little boxes, each contain-  
ing a small portion of some especial  
medicine. In appearance it is like a  
small, carved box. Then he carries a  
fan, a pipe, and a short sword, and  
any thing else that may or may not be  
useful to him. The belt of a Japanese  
is therefore a very important part of  
his dress. His slippers consist of a  
sole with a worsted thread at the  
upper end, through which the great  
toe is thrust to keep it on the foot.  
His pillow is most unlike a thing we  
should imagine, being a frame-work of  
whalebone or some other such sub-  
stance, into which the back of the neck  
near the head fits. This is to keep  
his knot of hair in order, for the Jap-  
anese has not his hair dressed every  
day, and therefore is obliged to take  
care of the piece which is greased and  
bound into a tail, the rest of the head  
being closely shaved.

It is not possible for a Christian  
man to walk across a road of the natural  
earth, with mind unagitated and rightly  
poised, without receiving strength and  
hope from some stone, flower, leaf, or  
sound, nor without a sense of a dew  
falling upon him out of the sky.